

Temperature Department.

Under the Supervision of the Morristown Lodge, I. O. G. T., No. 5.

J. B. HOLLOWAY, Editor.

TIME OF MEETING.

MORRISTOWN, Lodge, No. 5, I. O. G. T., Good Templar hall, over W. P. Carriger's drug store, every Monday evening at half past 6 o'clock.

OUR PLEDGE.

No member shall buy, sell, use, furnish or cause to be furnished to others, as a beverage, any spirituous or intoxicating wine, cider and every member shall discontinue the manufacture, sale and use thereof in all proper ways.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS' PLATEFORM.

I do not believe in all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

No license in any form or under any circumstances for the sale of liquors to be used as a beverage.

III. The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes—prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in the form of the law, with the penalties deserved for a crime of such enormity.

IV. The creation of a healthy public opinion upon the subject by the active dissemination of truth in all the modes known to an enlightened philanthropy.

V. The election of good, honest men to administer the laws.

VI. Persistence in efforts to save individuals and communities from so-called courage against any forms of opposition and difficulty until our success is complete and universal.

The saloon-keeper says he keeps a respectable place. He does not allow any old sets or old drunks to loaf around his saloon. When he gets the half dollar he turns off his old patrons, kicks them out in the street. How would it sound for a Methodist preacher to advertise his church by saying, "It is a respectable church; I keep no old ministers hanging around the altar."

VIOLATED STATUTES.

To the Editor of THE GAZETTE: I have long wished to express my opinion on the temperance question, but thought perhaps as I was not a member of the society it would not be accepted. Reading an item in THE GAZETTE has encouraged me to try. Though not a member of your organization, I am a believer in the temperance cause, and do all I can for it. I never neglect to pray daily that God will bless the cause, as I believe that next to the Church, its success will do more to effect the downfall of Satan's kingdom than anything else.

With Talmage, I am inclined to believe Intemperance to be the great dragon spoken of in Revelations. There is nothing that press women with greater hatred, and it certainly has poured out its floods of sorrow after her until, in many instances, they have almost overwhelmed her. Nothing but Divine aid has saved her. But I feel that better days are dawning. The people are waking up. The press is arming against the National evil, and I think God that our MORRISTOWN GAZETTE has played its part on the side of right.

It is impossible for me to express what I mean by this last subject. To those who would say something that would fire every heart with a determination to fight against alcohol until they drive it from our beautiful land.

There is one thing I would love to know if any one can tell me. I know that liquor dealers in Morristown have for years been violating the law by selling on Sunday and by selling to minors. Now, what I want to know is, why do we know this and our grand jurors do not find it out, and why do not our Courts punish them for it?

Men and women may write and lecture on the subject of Intemperance, but it is impossible for them to portray the sorrow it produces. None can know how bad it is but those who have it to contend with in their own families and doubtless they cannot, if they would, express half this writer.

Fathers, will you sit quietly and see the curse going? You may say, I do not use it, therefore it does no harm. But you have children and some of them will fall victims to strong drink; and when they do, remember you have been warned to lend your influence to the side of temperance.

Mothers, if you do nothing more, you can join with me in prayers to God that the temptation may be put away from our children. Let us enter into the court of heaven before we judge that cannot be bribed.

Young men and boys, I pity you, and I entreat you to be manly enough to say no! to those who would tempt you to take alcohol in any form. Shadows that you have independence and that you will not be led into the way of evil.

Young ladies and girls, my heart aches when I think what you will have to tell forever, your hand to one who drinks that which whiteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Lay you for your own sakes on the stone of the cross, said Jesus: "Be content, God has only borrowed the baby."

Happiness is born. It is not born out of trait. It is generated in the soul. It is never bought or sold as an article of commerce. You may fill your house with all manner of ornaments and curiosities, but you cannot buy a smile of happiness in the same way.

If you are happy, your happiness is that which you are able to make by the use of the mind itself. A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

The act of one partner bind all the rest.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

an important one, and worthy the consideration of every one who has an interest in the welfare of the town and the community, and we repeat the question, and address it to every citizen of Morristown, and desire them to answer for themselves.

THE BORROWED BABY.

"Please ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby."

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us any more, and I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did have the baby quite so much, and she had pains with her, teaching her little canning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say, she was most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up, and kissed her good-by, sent her off to her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as angry as could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours?" he said crossly. "They could go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies."

"But not like ours, John," I said quickly.

"Well, no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halver with our baby. Besides I won't have them—teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they as well know it; when they bring her back this time may as well settle it up once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were both free-thinkers and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated in a brilliantly intellectual school utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur to us, that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient to ourselves and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said:

"We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her, the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so, with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "we all love little Dudu so much, and she's real sweet. She can sing Jesus loves me all through, and not miss a word."

"Supposition!" I exclaimed angrily, "tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"N-o-t b-o-l-i-c-o-n-them," gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen, as you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That's right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blessing, they wee Willie Winke, don't we?"

Somehow just then an old forgotten text dashed into my mind. My grace is sufficient for thee and I ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of dirt in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbors who borrowed the baby being as blind of it as we were, for that was why baby was in their home.

O that dreadful time. I cannot recall it now—the agony more than a day—of anguish, the awful suffering and the end, the parched lips and the feverish eyes—the awful realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort, only the cruel, dreary, unlightened grave that yawned for our darling!

Just at the last there was a moment of peace. It was not until then that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbor over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the body lips: "Jesus loves me, did I know?"

Yes, they sang it at her funeral, for we buried her with no earthly rites, and some good man pronounced a few consoling words with the text: "My grace is sufficient for thee," but O! the tender melody of that, said I.

Young men and boys, I pity you, and I entreat you to be manly enough to say no! to those who would tempt you to take alcohol in any form. Shadows that you have independence and that you will not be led into the way of evil.

Mothers, if you do nothing more, you can join with me in prayers to God that the temptation may be put away from our children. Let us enter into the court of heaven before we judge that cannot be bribed.

Young ladies and girls, my heart aches when I think what you will have to tell forever, your hand to one who drinks that which whiteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Lay you for your own sakes on the stone of the cross, said Jesus: "Be content, God has only borrowed the baby."

Happiness is born. It is not born out of trait. It is generated in the soul. It is never bought or sold as an article of commerce. You may fill your house with all manner of ornaments and curiosities, but you cannot buy a smile of happiness in the same way.

If you are happy, your happiness is that which you are able to make by the use of the mind itself. A fundamental condition of happiness in this world is activity, and that kind of activity which carries with it all the faculties.

The act of one partner bind all the rest.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

New Sash Door and Blind Factory in Morristown.

HARVEY LOOP.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH DOORS AND BLINDS,

Also Matched Flooring, Ceiling, Weather-boarding, Brackets, Newells, Etc., Wood Turning of Every Description.

All Orders Filled and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

July 1st.

JOHN W. LOOP.

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE, APRIL 11, 1883.

H. LOOP & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH DOORS AND BLINDS,

Also Matched Flooring, Ceiling, Weather-boarding, Brackets,

Newells, Etc., Wood Turning of Every Description.

Office of Oliver Chilled Plow Works,

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 21, 1882.

W. W. WOODRUFF & CO., Knoxville, Tenn.

Gentlemen: Following are your sales of Oliver Plows in the territory assigned you for the past ten years:

1873, 542 Plows. 1878, 1088 Plows.

1874, 684 " 1879, 1369 "

1875, 732 " 1880, 1440 "

1876, 901 " 1881, 2748 "

1877, 1,000 " 1882, 3044 "

Very Respectfully,

SOUTH-BEND IRON WORKS.

P. S.—The remarkable increase of the OLIVER is an evidence of its popularity over all others. In the present prosperous state of the country we expect a larger rate of increase for the year 1883 than ever before. They are cheap, durable and unequalled in quality. Every Farmer should try them.

Very Respectfully,

W. W. WOODRUFF & CO., General Agents.

REV. J. L. TURNER, REV. J. L. TURNER,

REV. J. L. TURNER, REV. J. L. TURNER,